

CHAOS!
COMICS



Hell's Guardian

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CREMATOR



8
MONTHS
UNTIL
THE
END

Young

CREMATOR™

#5 (of 5)

Abandon Hope Ye Who Enter

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Story So Far

Fatally wounded by Asteroth and the Grand Duke of Hell, Cremator's soul lies dying in the the darkness between realities. Inside the darkness the Lady of Mysteries makes Cremator an offer he can't refuse, and the Archangel Michael presents Cremator with a weapon of light and an ultimatum from Heaven: Stop the Fallen Angels or Hell will be destroyed! In Hell, the Fallen Angels prepare to battle one another as thousands of Wraith warriors pour into the Inferno as a full scale invasion of Hell begins!

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Thirty or so dimensional planes from earth lies a place of damnation, inhabited by dark infested souls. Its purpose is to punish and torment the guilty and the damned. This place is called Hell!

It has been said that for Heaven to exist it must have a partner to offset it's brilliance. Where one shines brightly with the hopes of new tomorrow's, the other must darken and decay, spreading it's message of despair.

The road to Hell is paved with good intentions that have been walked by both good and bad men. And from the side of good intentions comes a defender so desperately needed.

A defender powerful enough, vicious enough to protect the boarder of the damned from any who seek to upset the celestial balance.

A defender capable of dispensing death in a place where death does not exist. A defender possessed of a volcanic will that will never surrender, never retreat.

On earth they knew him as Mikail Ivan Emmetovich - a scholar, a thief, a barbarian - but here in the land of pain and torment, he is known as --

-- CREMATOR, THE
GUARDIAN OF HELL!

ASTEROTH!



Thirty miles east of the Valley of Eblis lies the bulk of the invading Wraith army.

Floating above, Apolyon stands motionless, his only concern -- the Nexus of All Things.

FINALLY, THEY COME! MY FALLEN BROTHERS, THE TRINITY OF EVIL. AND WHAT DO THEY CARRY WITH THEM? YES! THE CHEST OF THE APOCALYPSE.

COME BROTHERS. COME AND BE THE CAUSE OF HELL'S UN-DOING!

The Trinity of Evil's Wraith army haven't moved for hours, their momentum halted by the stubborn legions of Hell.

Though outnumbered one thousand to one, and conflicted with a civil war, the legions of Hell fight with a maniacal desire that would please their absent dark lord, Lucifer

RAAAAA!

WHO ROBBED
ME OF MY
VENGEANCE?

CREMATOR LEAVES
HIS CORPOREAL
FORM AND TURNS
TO RAGING
HELLFIRE!

THE ARCHDUKES ARE HELPLESS
AS THE SUPERNATURAL FLAME
HOWLS AND SCREAMS, DEPLETING
THEIR STRENGTH AND SAPPING
THEIR WILL.

EERRGH!

WHY
DID YOU
ROB ME,
WHY?

ANSWER
ME!

AAAWWK
HELL IS IN
DANGER... THE
WAR... GOES
BADLY... HELL
NEEDS YOU.

CYRANUS'S WORDS TRIGGER
MEMORIES IN CREMATOR'S
MIND. RAGE GIVES WAY TO
REASON. CREMATOR RECALLS
THE LADY OF MYSTERY'S WORDS:
"YOU HAVE BEEN CHOSEN BY
THE POWERS ABOVE TO BE
THE GUARDIAN OF HELL."

CREMATOR REMEMBERS
HIS PROMISE, "I ACCEPT."

BELIAL,
MEPHISTOPHELES,
ASMODEUS HAVE
YOU NOTHING TO SAY
TO YOUR LONG LOST
BROTHER, YOU
PITIFUL
SCOURAGES?

APOLYON BEGINS
TO GLOW LIKE A
NEWBORN STAR.

WHY
AM I NOT
SUPRISED?
REAP
THE REWARDS
YOU SO RICHLY
DESERVE.

AWAY
WITH YOU!

IF THIS IS TO BE
A TRUE BATTLE,
BROTHERS, YOU
MUST SURELY
DO BETTER.

ASMODIOUS RECITES AN INCANTATION THAT HASN'T BEEN HEARD IN OVER TEN BILLION YEARS--

אֲנִי אֶלֹהִים
וְאַתָּה אֵל
אֲנִי אֶלֹהִים
וְאַתָּה אֵל
אֲנִי אֶלֹהִים
וְאַתָּה אֵל

-- MAD ENERGY DANCES OBSCENELY AS AN EVER EXPANDING TEAR APPEARS IN THE SKY --

הַטֵּמָצָה הַזֶּה
הִיא אֶלֹהִים
הַטֵּמָצָה הַזֶּה
הִיא אֶלֹהִים
הַטֵּמָצָה הַזֶּה
הִיא אֶלֹהִים

-- AND A GATEWAY, A GULF RIPS OPEN IN HELL.

YOU
MOCK US,
APOLYON.
NOW SEE
THE EXTENT
OF OUR
POWERS.

COMETS AND METEORS PLUNGE THROUGH THE GULF, HURLING THROUGH AT INCOMPREHENSIBLE SPEEDS ON A COLLISION COURSE WITH THE MAD ANGEL.

HAHA
HAHA

WRAITH WARRIORS AND DENIZENS OF HELL PERISH IN THE BIZARRE BARRAGE OF CELESTIAL BODIES.



THE
FOOL
YET
LIVES!

LET HELL'S
DESTRUCTION
BE THE LAST
THING YOU
SEE.

WITH A FEW WORDS SPOKEN AT FREQUENCIES UNLISTENABLE BY THE HUMAN EAR, THE TRINITY OF EVIL TRANSFORMS INTO A UNIFIED NECRO-FIELD POSSESSING THE MASS OF A STAR.



TENDRILS OF ENERGY
RISE UP FROM THE
BLACK TRIANGLE AS
THE BOMBARDMENT
INTENSIFIES.

REALIZING THAT THEY HAVE
BEEN BETRAYED, THE WRAITH
ARMY BREAKS ACROSS THE
PLAINS OF EBIS, DESPERATE
FOR SHELTER, BUT FINDING NONE.

AS THE GULF SWELLS
FURTHER STILL, A
SHADOW FORMS ON
THE FLEEING WRAITH
ARMY.

LOOK,
ABOVE!
IT IS THE
END!



THE TRINITY OF EVIL
DRAWS FORTH A MOON
STOLEN FROM A
DISTANT GALAXY!

RUN!

IT IS
THE
END!



I HAVE
TRAVELED
BEYOND THIS
REALITY!

I HAVE
STOLEN SECRETS
FROM GOD AND
I KNOW THE
TERRIBLE
TRUTHS OF
CREATION!



I HAVE
DEDICATED
MYSELF TO HELL'S
DESTRUCTION.
NO ONE SHALL
ROB ME OF THAT
HONOR!



SUDDENLY A MASSIVE BOLT OF INCOMPREHENSIBLE ENERGY ERUPTS FROM APOLYON'S SPHERE. MOVING BEYOND THE SPEED OF LIGHT, THE BOLT PIERCES THE SPATIAL GULF.

NECRO-DIMENSIONAL PHYSICS COLLIDES WITH PHYSICAL REALITY AS THE MASSIVE BOLT STRIKES THE PLANET, PULVERIZING IT INTO COSMIC DUST.



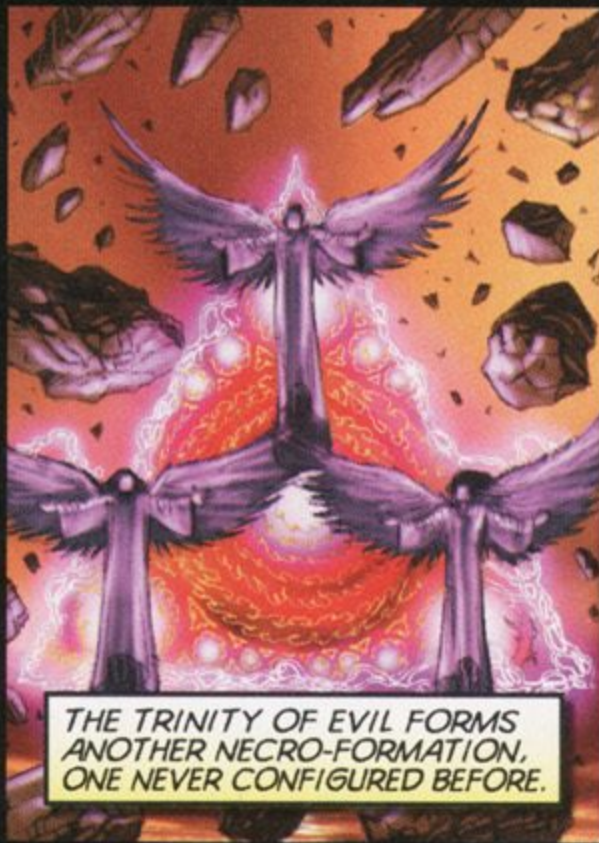
AS THE GULF IMPLODES, THE TRINITY OF EVIL'S TRIANGULAR CONFIGURATION IS TORN ASUNDER.



HOW COULD HE?

NO TALK!
מִיָּהּ אֵלֶּיךָ
שֶׁל אֱלֹהִים אֲנִי
אֵלֶּיךָ!

מִיָּהּ
שֶׁ אֵלֶּיךָ מִיָּהּ
מִיָּהּ אֵלֶּיךָ אֲנִי
שֶׁ אֵלֶּיךָ אֵלֶּיךָ
שֶׁ אֵלֶּיךָ שֶׁ אֵלֶּיךָ
שֶׁ אֵלֶּיךָ!



THE TRINITY OF EVIL FORMS ANOTHER NECRO-FORMATION, ONE NEVER CONFIGURED BEFORE.



AND OUT OF THE NECRO-FORMATION, A PIERCING BOLT OF PURE SEETHING RAGE.



ARGH!



AT LAST, OUR MILLENNIA OLD BATTLE ENDS AS IT WAS MEANT TO END.
APOLYON'S DESTRUCTION HERALDS THE DAWN OF A NEW AGE -- AND AGE WHERE WE RULE AS GODS!



AAAAAA



NO!



NO!
NOT NOW.
NOT WHERE
WE ARE SO
CLOSE!



POOM
POOM

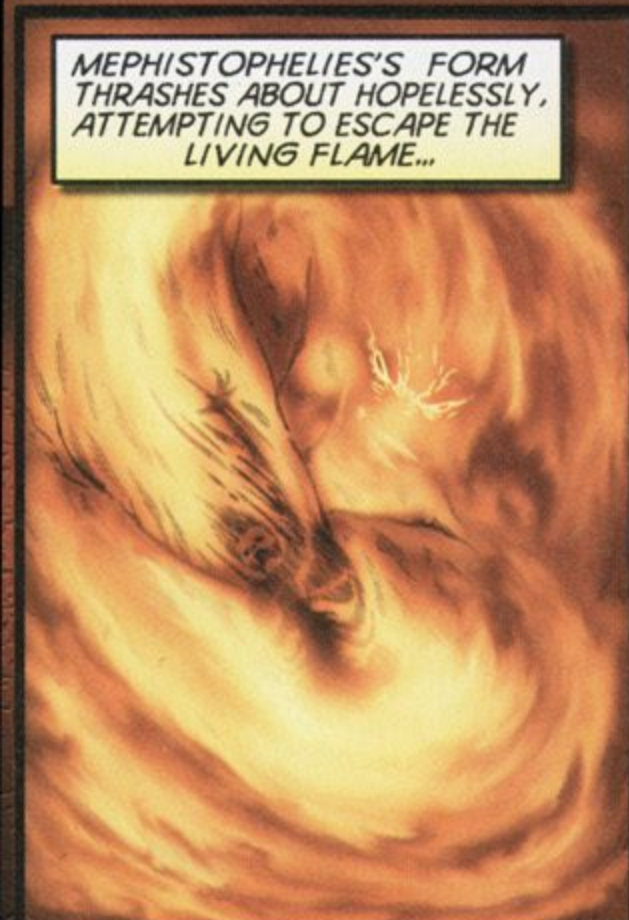


WHAT?
WHAT?

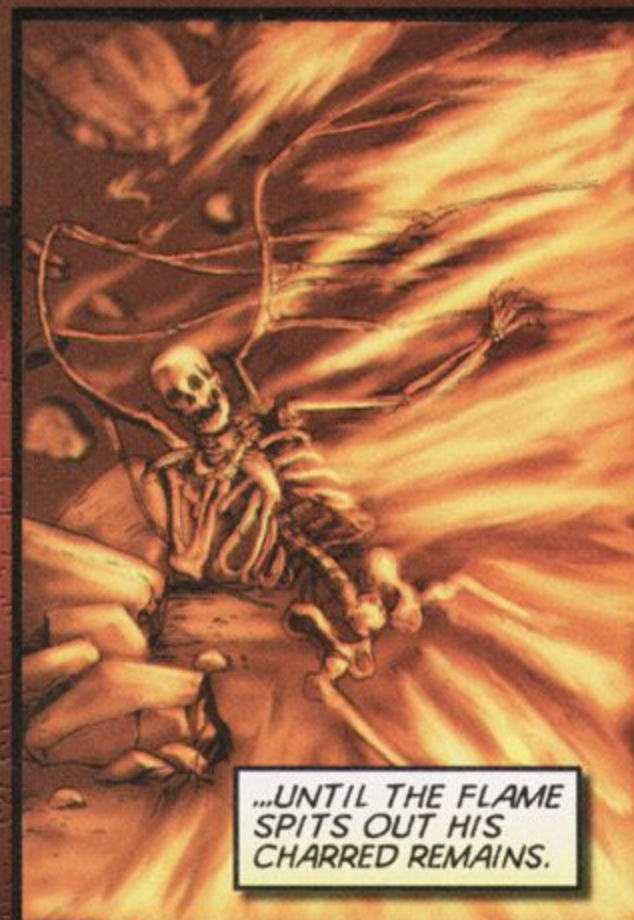
MEPHISTOPHELES STARES
DEATH IN THE EYE AS
CREMATOR TRANSFORMS
INTO LIVING FLAME.



HELL IS
UNDER MY
PROTECTION,
ANGEL!



MEPHISTOPHELES'S FORM
THRASHES ABOUT HOPELESSLY,
ATTEMPTING TO ESCAPE THE
LIVING FLAME...



...UNTIL THE FLAME
SPITS OUT HIS
CHARRED REMAINS.



HEAVEN
SENDS IT'S
REGARDS,
APOLYON.



I SEE
YOU'VE CHANGED,
CREMATOR. YOU
HAVE MY THANKS
FOR DESTROYING
THE TRINITY.



GET
READY TO DIE,
APOLYON.



SO BE IT --
TO THE
DEATH!



I
REMEMBER
YOU MUCH
MORE...
HUMBLE.

ARRGH!



IN THE
PAST...



...MY POWER
WAS LIMITED.
I AM GUARDIAN
OF HELL NOW.
HELLFIRE IS MINE TO
COMMAND!



GUARDIAN
OF HELL. HA!
THIS
FARCE ENDS
NOW.

*SENSING HIS RAPIDLY
APPROACHING DESTRUCTION,
THE LIVING FLAME THAT
CREMATOR HAS BECOME
GATHERS AT THE TOP OF
THE SPHERE AND RE-FORMS
INTO HIS CORPOREAL FORM.*

CAN YOU
SURVIVE THE
SPEAR OF DESTINY,
APOLYON?



WHERE
IS YOUR
GLOATING
NOW?



FOR HELL!

EERRGH!



DIE,
DAMN
YOU!



CHUK
CHUK

CHUK
CHUK



I'M
TAKING
YOU WITH
ME!

I WILL
NOT FAIL!



COUGH...
HAK...
KA...

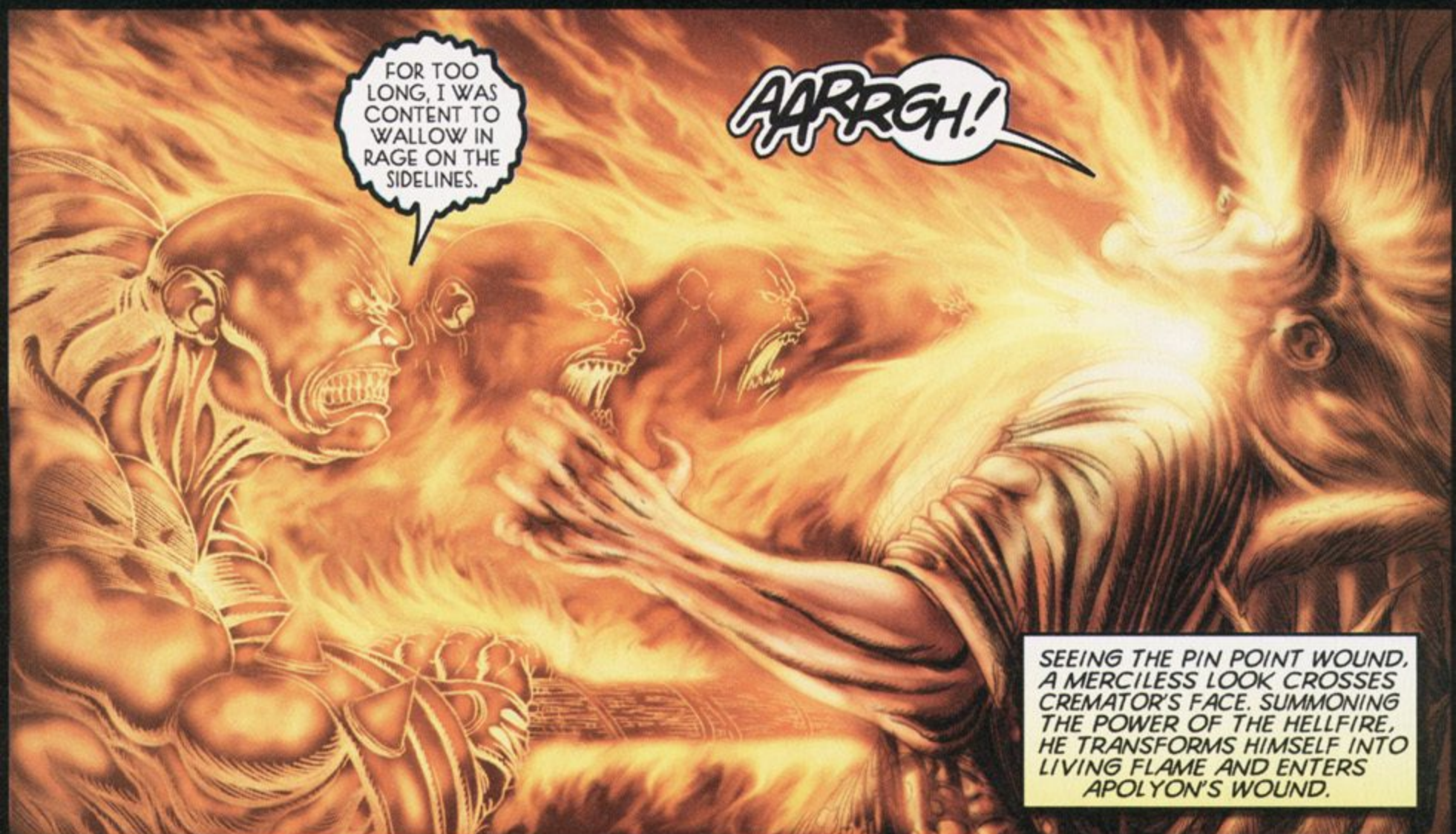


DIE, YOU
BASTARD...
DIE.



EERRGH!

THE
TIDE TURNS,
APOLYN.



FOR TOO
LONG, I WAS
CONTENT TO
WALLOW IN
RAGE ON THE
SIDELINES.

AARRGH!

SEEING THE PIN POINT WOUND,
A MERCILESS LOOK CROSSES
CREMATOR'S FACE. SUMMONING
THE POWER OF THE HELLFIRE,
HE TRANSFORMS HIMSELF INTO
LIVING FLAME AND ENTERS
APOLYN'S WOUND.



BUT
NOW, MY
PURPOSE IS
CLEAR!

SCREAMING IN
AGONY, APOLYN
CRASHES TO THE
FILTH SOAKED
GROUND.



I AM HELL'S
GUARDIAN --

HE TEARS AT HIS OWN FLESH,
TRYING TO EXTINGUISH THE
FLAMES THAT INCINERATE HIM
FROM THE INSIDE.



NO!



--CROSS
ME AND
YOU'LL GET
BURNED!



Hell's civil war
ended moments
later.

The remaining Wraiths were
easily divided and conquered
as the forces of Hell came
together for an exquisite
battle, inspired by
Cremator's example.

After a time, the denizens of Hell returned to their appointed task -- the punishment and torture of wicked and unholy souls.

And there presiding over the pandemonium is a magnificent being who was once considered insignificant, whose soul was cast into the inferno through deceit and betrayal.

He was less than a mere footnote in history, some said, others weren't so kind. Even those who sang his praises were quick to turn on him.

But through it all, Cremator, Hell's Guardian endured.

He smiles now knowing how wrong they all were.

THE END.